TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS' PRACTICE In the Treatment of Diseases incident to females, has placed DR. DOW at the head of all physicians making placed DR. DOW at mah practice a specificity, and enables him to guarantee a speedy and permanent cure in the worst cures of day-presses and all other Meastway Decomposition, from what-

DR. SCHENCE ADVISES CONSUMPTIVES TO 60

Having for the lact thirty, they years deroded my whole time and attention to the rinky of rung diseases and outsimption, I feet that I understand fully the curies that weight to be pureful to reasons a noterably had see of life, Scientific from the weakness, pursel present from the weakness, pursel present from the weakness, pursel present the pureful true they weakness, pursel present from the present from the weakness, pursel present from the present from the present from the weakness, pursel present from the present f

who prestices and permanent care in the worst cares of map
pression and all other Measurest Decomposates, from what
ever cause. All interes he salvine must contain \$1. Offices.

No. 9. Expresses, Bearson.

N. R.—Possel farmabled to those desiring to remail
under treatment.

Deston, July, 1870.

22.76

Of Joys and hopes that hissen their day.

Repentance and Restitution.

And particular well as the property of the pro

For the Young.

THE LOST PLOWERS.

toy ted the summer sky my red the faidh below.

Happy, though seems, I played,
Brighter was my childful dream.
Than the rive or the sky.
Finatting with diverse diven the stream.
Virth coings and the stream and grid,
What coings also meeted of the stream and grid,
What coings with the stream and grid,
The lives wreaths of stream cover;
Meadow cities throw and grid,
The lives whether of stream chosen,
Jewel wood and either flower.
Lives the river's mirrorizing flow,
Then by size, I watched throw go,
Solwey drilling, till the hast
Linguesting flower from sight beel passed.
And the sky above grees grey,
Gray bemeath the river grew,
Gray bemeath the river grew,
Which the damp shift avening meet
Ild Low hover these from see. Empty-handed, balf alraid, Hastening homeword in the shole, basty value, whiled I then, "Would I had say flowers again."

One of Grandma's Stories.

THE WOLF AND THE CHILDREN.

Just one more story, grandma, about when you were a little girl, and lived in the woods," said Frank.

In the contract to the post of the state of the contract to the post of the post of the contract to the post of the po

if they had never helped to curse God's world and people hell?

It is a brave, graind thing that you are do make repetitude of the time, strongly on the shallow thought of the time, shallow in the church as in the world, that the value of repentance depends upon the degree in which it seeks to mend in the future of make restitution for all injuries, amendment for all evils, in which it strives to obtain man's forgiveness as well as God's.

In every known sense of the word a woman in every known sense of the word a woman in every known sense of the word a woman in every known sense of the word a woman in every known sense of the word a woman in every known sense of the word a woman in every known sense of the word a woman in every known sense of the word a woman in every known sense of the word a woman in every known sense of the word a woman in every known sense of the word a woman in every known sense of the word a woman in every known sense of the word a woman in every known sense of the word a woman in every known sense of the word a woman in every known sense of the word a woman in every known sense of the word a woman in every known sense of the word a woman in every known sense of the word a woman in every known sense of the word a woman in every known sense of the word a woman in every known sense of the word a woman in every known sense of the word a woman in every known sense of the word a woman in every known sense of the word a woman in every known sense of the word a woman in every known sense of the word a woman in every known sense of the word and divine fresdom.

In every known sense of the word and divine freedom.

In every known sense of the word and divine freedom.

In every known sense of the word and divine freedom.

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In every

Old in the dimness and the dust.
Of our dusty to be and cares.
Of its the wrocks of love and truth.
Which our burdened memory hears.
Each from any wear to the presence gain.
The bloom of the resolution yet gain.
And hearm only weather our takes days.
Which the memory are the our takes days.

We have gained the world's unit world not not . We have learned to passes and from . But where are the frequency transfer whose from . We have somether world to four? We have seen the world of many a clime. And the love of many a page. But where to the love factor is not to the love of many a page. But where to the love that have in three But to be completed to the love of the love that have in three But to be completed to the love that have in three last the manufactor to the love that have in three last three

Our Saturday Night.

PUT THEM AWAY.

RT BRICK POSESSOR. Tick! Tick! Tick!
How the ticking of the clock, unnoticed at other times, strikes like a hammer of iron to the heart as we sit here to night, in a room yesterday occupied by a living, loving friend? To night due is at rest in the Golden Land. And we are to moura—not so much that she is out of pain and bodily agony, but that no more on earth can we hear her sweet voice listen to her encouraging words, or look into her eyes that so eloquently mirrored the pu-

rity of her soul.
To-morrow, soon to be here, will be the Salbath. Day of rest.—Day of sudness! for a duar, good friend has already in this life was her crown and place with those who have passed on, while we are left to win ours, but with no more of that help which came fro her good wishes, pure counsel and bountiful,

No one in the room with us wave the guardian spirits, each with pure, loving thoughts for us to give to others. What there is of her rests in another room. The loor is just ujar. All is still-very still in there. We listen—the ticking of the clock

Lot us see ! Twenty years ago we sat, as now, in a room much like this, while a friend, or the temple in which he once dwelt, rested to a room adjoining. We were then as now in the presence of death. Then we were not at rest as now. The wind howled without, We were afraid-in dread. There seemed then to come a shadow of terror from the

the duty of the wife to see that none goes wrongfully out of it. A man gets a wife to look after his affairs, and assist him in his journey through life; to educate and prepare well as Mr. Barton."

"Well What did he do to them?" asked in a quick, anxious tone.

"He drove them out."

"Did he stone them, or beat them?"

"Oh no. He was as gentle as a child." shallow in the church as in the world, that if place in a street of a stream of the church as in the world, that if of a stream of the street of a stream of the street of

Miscellaneaus.

THE DIM OLD FOREST.

"But that wouldn't bring the goese to life again, Sally."

"I don't care if it wouldn't. It would be paying him in his own coin, and that's what he deserves."

"You know what the Bible says, Sally, about gravious words, and they apply with stronger force to grevious actions. No—no—I will return neighbor Barton good for cwil. That is the best way. He has done wrong, and I am sure he is sorry for so unkind and unneighborly an action, and I intend making use of the best means for keeping him sorry."

But what other motive of action for almost every one complains, at times, of this fault in his character."

"It is certainly the best policy, to keep fair weather with him," Mrs. Gray remark-d—" a man of his temper could annoy us a good deal."

"That word policy, Sally, is not a good word," her husband replied. "It conveys a theroughly selfish idea. Now, we ought to look for some higher motive of action than making use of the best means for keeping him sorry."

But what other motive outlet him the character."

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"That policy her best policy to keep fair weather with him," Mrs. Gray remark-d—" a man of his temper could annoy us a good deal."

"That policy her best policy. The best policy has not a good deal."

"That policy her best policy her best policy. The best policy has been policy. The best policy has been deal to her best policy."

"It is character."

"It is character."

with engliber markets before that Mr. Barton has been a more subtract.

And so saying farmer tray hurried of the farmer to mark higher motives, it seems to me. We should reflect that Mr. Barton has mere we should reflect that Mr. Barton has

" But what other motive could we possibly

bluff, outspoken farmer, came in as though he belonged there, and received a thick roll of greenbacks from the cashier. They had that vile smell which money much handled gets,

Special Natices. Maral & Religious.

" it to enough if underneath our root A single hour the monures's purple shows."

This life may not behold it ; hat the next of the point o

Few people are so far gone in sin, that they do not at times feel sorrow for their sin, and make strong resolutions to sin no more. People do this while they still go on sinning People do this white they still go on siming.

They are sorry for each sinful act after it is done, determine to repeat it no more, and day," she said, raising her head and tooking then go straight on and repeat it at the next at the children, who had gathered around the go straight on and repeat it at the next. temptation! Every sorrow for sin then, every her, "I was only seven, and my little baby serrow soon accompanied with strong results brother wan't a year old.

The Hame Circle,

WE ARE GROWING OLD.

We are growing old—how the thought will rise. When a glasses is both ward used. Our same long-remon between the thin line. In the elleries of the past. It may be the white of one angly rows, Or the tench of early loars. But it some the a fact is in to us. In the storing one of years.

O, while and wild are the wares that part Our steps from the greenmess new. And we can the in the greenmess new. And the light of many a brent. And the light of samp a brent. And the light of samp a brent. For deep o'er many a stable | sarb. Have the whelming inflows colled, That steered with as from this saily mar it, friends, we are growing sld.—

flut ob, the changes we have some.
In the far and winding way.
The graves that have in my pull grave graAnd the locks that have goes agay.
The whiter attle or a rown may space.
The sable or the gold.
But we say their successings the property of the change of the gold.
And, french, we are given in gold.

Will be come again, where the visite water, And the weals their youth present?
We have shoot in the light of image, leaking. When the blooms was deep and these. When the blooms was deep and these. And one and control you in the spring-time three fields the joy was thirt and onlying-time three wasting by an interpretable ground the lower wasting to a the position of the lower wasting to a the position of the lower wasting to a single position of the lower wasting the growing of a

MONTPELIER, VT., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 1871.

BY ALICE CARRY

or all the tenutiful pictures.

That having on Memory's wall,
is one of a closs ship forest,
is the the guarant case,
is an experience,
is an with the mistleton;
Not for the volets govien
That sprinks the vale below;
Not for the with white likes
That lean from the fragress hedge,
to entire guil day with the sunteans,
And seasing their golden edge.
Not be the vines on the uphand
Where the bright red berries rest;
Nor the pinks, sur the paid, sweet cowelly,
it weemsth to in the best.

I once had a little brother,

With eyes that wine Mark and deepto like tap or that other dreet

Light as the winds that the

Prov as the winds that the

We round there the teaching familiers

The Nationals of long age.

But his less to ditheling gree weary.

And one of the Automia creek

I made for my little brother

A but of the pullow tonese.

sorry."

"Then you will be reveoged on him, any-how?"

"No Sally—not revenged. I am not angry with neighbor Barton, but while I am taiking with neighbor Barton, but while I am taiking has big here are destroying my corn."

"But what other motives could we possing have for putting up with Mr. Barton's outgraves conduct?"

"Other and far higher motives, it seems to me. We should reflect that Mr. Barton has not trails a hasty temper, and that, when ex-

or parlor; it rans away, he knows not how, and that demon, Wasto, cries, "More!" like lorseleech's daughter, until he that provided has no more to give. It is the hast band's place to bring into the bouse, and it is bend's place to bring into the bouse, and it is bend's place to bring into the bouse, and it is bend's place to bring into the bouse, and it is bend's place to bring into the bouse, and it is you had ever used, and now wouldn't part when the best you had ever used, and now wouldn't part when the best walking stick, and the air of a well-to-do and the determinant of the bouse, and it is you had ever used, and now wouldn't part when the best walking stick, and the air of a well-to-do and bluff, outspoken farmer, came in as though he

"Then I must go and drive them out," said
Mr. Gray, in a quiet tone.
"Drive them out!" ejaculated Mrs. Gray,
"Drive 'em out indeed! I'd shoot them,
that's what I'd do! I'd serve him as he
served my geese yesterday!"
"But that wouldn't bring the goese to life
again, Saily."
"I am glad he didn't hurt the cows," Mrs.
Gray said, after a pauso,
"And so am I. Sally. Glad on more than
one account. It shows that he has made as
offort to keep down his hasty, irritable temper—and if he can do that, it will be a favor
conferred on the whole neighborhood, for almest every one countlains at time of this